

Stranger Things 3: Testing The Waters by **Mileven-Severitusfan**

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Summary: After nearly 14 months since Eleven/Jane Hopper had returned to Hawkins and closed the gate, her dad, Chief Jim Hopper finally decides to allow her to leave the cabin and attend her friends in their first year of high school. Can the quiet town of Hawkins continue staying peaceful? Who's the new kid venturing around Hawkins? And what do Will's dreams mean?

1. Chapter 1

It's been thirteen months and 385 days since Eleven Jane Hopper had to go back into hiding straight after the Snow Ball 1984, and though her Mike and their four friends got to visit her at the small cabin in woods, there was so much a kid and their friends can do for a year and not leaving the cabin, until they run out of ideas.

That was until today, January 1986, the day where she would finally be able to experience what most kids her age get to do since they could walk and talk, up to the age of eighteen, well in the USA, anyway. He wasn't certain what age they finish in other parts of the world.....apart from England, they finish at the age of sixteen.

Ridiculously early if you ask him.

Hopper sighed, as he placed a couple of Eggos in the toaster.

Shaking his head, he wondered why, not for the first time, that he had somehow agreed in letting El, or as he sometimes liked to call her, Jane, to leave to the cabin this morning. He didn't understand why she couldn't just wait until another day, a week, maybe another month or even better, another year, to leave the cabin and experience normal kid things. He wasn't prepared for this, absolutely not prepared for...

Ding

The sound of the toaster, let Jim Hopper, chief of Hawkins police station, know that the Eggos were done.

"Jane, breakfas...."

"Breakfast is done?" she asked, startling him as she walked out of her room. Gone was the MTV punk look she had started wearing at the start of last year, and now she wore a floral buttoned up t-shirt, tucked in to her high wasted jeans that were rolled up at the bottom, paired with her white pair of converse shoes. While her curly brown hair had grown longer, now reaching to her Shoulders, was brushed back behind her ears. Make up, she didn't wear. Hopper wouldn't

allow it, only on special occasions, but not today.

"Jeez, kid, one of these days you're going to end up giving me a heart attack, and yes breakfast is done." He grumbled, telling her to sit down at the small table.

"Heart attack?" she looked at him in confusion as she took her usual seat at the table.

Jeez, what did I get myself into?

"Yes, heart attack. H.E.A.R.T Heart A.T.T.A.C.K Attack. When you get home today, that will be your new word for the day." He told her, as he set two plates on the table, along with two knives and forks.

El looked unsure, but nodded before digging into her plate of eggos, topped with whipped cream and some fruit.

Hopper's diet that he had started at the end of 1984, didn't last for very long. In fact it didn't even last for more than a week.

Father and daughter sat eating their breakfast with Hopper going over the four rules for El to follow throughout the day unless she wants to be right back to square one.

At 7:15am, Joyce Byers was rushing around her small three bedroom bungalow, dressed and ready for work. Her handbag strapped atop of her shoulder, as she turned the couch cushions over, taking them off the couch.

"Will, sweetie, you need to get up!" She called her youngest son, from all the way out into the living room. Trying to wake him up on time for school.

Luckily she didn't have to worry about fixing breakfast for her fourteen year old son, since her eldest son, Jonathan, was able to handle that.

"Will!"

Flipping the bread soaked in salted and peppered egg in the frying

pan, Jonathan, turned to his mother from the cooker.

"Mom, leave him. I'll make sure he's up on time for school" Jonathan told his mom,

Joyce bit her lip, thinking about it before nodding, she then asked her eldest son if he's seen her keys anywhere in the house.

He shook his head, shrugging his shoulders.

"Did you check the living room?"

Joyce nodded, "Yes, just now. What else do you think I was doing with the couches Jonathan?"

"Your bedroom?"

Shaking her head, Joyce said, "I never leave them there."

Sighing, Jonathan turned back to the cooked french toast, which he took off the frying pan and onto a nearby plate that sat atop of the counter.

"What about your bag?"

Joyce nodded again. "Yes! That was the first place I looked for..." Decidng to check her handbag again, this time, she did a thorough search. "Ah, found them."

Jonathan shook his head, wondering what his mom would do without him there. Especially since she can't cook to save her life.

"Alright, I'll see you and Will at dinner." Joyce told him.

"See you at dinner,"

"Bye mom" Will came out of his bedroom, dressed and ready for school. All he needed to do was eat breakfast, brush his teeth then he was ready to leave.

"Bye sweetie, have a good day today oh and make sure you..."

"Mom, I'm fine. I've been going to school since kindergarten" Will

interrupted, rolling his eyes.

Joyce, hating to leave her youngest son, sighed, pulling him into a hug. Wanting to reassure herself that he was really there and she wouldn't be waking up from a dream to find out that he was still stuck in the upside down world that he had been stuck in two years ago, November 1983. She also wanted to reassure herself that he wasn't some monster from the upside down.

"I'm sorry sweetie," she said still hugging her son.

Knowing his mother needed reassuring that he was fine and wasn't going to disappear again any time soon, Will hugged his mom back. Making sure he wasn't the first one to let go.

"It's okay mom, but really, I'm fine."

Jonathan, who had been watching the exchange, pausing in his cooking, added, "yeah mom, Will's fine. Nothing's gong to happen, besides he'll be with his friends at school and now that he's in ninth grade, I'm there as well."

Silently thanking his older brother for the help, Will nodded against his mother's chest. He was still too short compared to everyone in his year at school, to the point where he looks as if he's younger than fourteen.

"Alright, bye. I'll see you two at dinner." Joyce repeated, pulling out of the hug, she then went over to her eldest who was busy putting the second French toast onto the other plate. Hugging her eldest, she finally let go, leaving her two sons as she left for work.

Once she left and her had gone. Jonathan, as he sat down at the kitchen table, carrying two plates of French toast. One for Will and one for himself. He took the seat opposite his brother, and asked, "so how'd you sleep?"

Will shrugged, knowing what his brother was asking. "I slept...fine,"

"Are you sure? No more weird dreams last night?"

Shaking his head, Will responded, "no, no more weird dreams. Just

the one."

A thoughtful look crossed Jonathan face as his brother continued eating.

"You'd tell me right? If it has something to do with..."

Will nodded, "yeah I would. I'd tell my friends as well, but trust me Jonathan, it's fine. I think all it was is just a dream. That's all"

"You sure?"

"Yeah I'm sure"

"But what if it's..."

"It's not. El closed the gate"

There was a long pause.

"I still think you should tell mom"

Jonathan took a sip of his mug of coffee as he ignored the look he received from his brother at having suggested that. "Or the chief"

Will shook his head, and the two fell into a long silence as they ate their breakfast.

Over at the Wheeler house, Mike, fourteen years old now, brushed back his g dark brown mop top hair-which had grown a few inches more- out of his dark brown eyes. Once that was done, he continued shoveling breakfast hurriedly down his throat, keeping an eye on the time on his watch.

It was a good thing his parents weren't anywhere in the room. With his dad, Mr Ted Wheeler having already left for work and his mom, Mrs Karen Wheeler, upstairs getting his younger sister Holly, ready for kindergarten, then he would have been reprimanded by now.

After he had finished his breakfast, Mike hurried back upstairs and towards the main family bathroom, planning to brush his teeth.

There was no way he would leave without brushing his teeth. Absolutely not.

Dread crept in when he heard the sound of running water coming from the bathroom. With a little bit of hope, Mike pushed down on the handle, pushing the door to open, expecting it to. It didn't.

He dejectedly sighed, wondering who was using the bathroom.

With his mother walking out of Holly's bedroom, with Holly in tow, Mike knew who was in the shower.

"Michael? You're up early, aren't you?" Mrs Wheeler stated, knowing exactly what time her son usually gets up.

Shrugging his shoulders, Mike said, "Um....A.V club meeting before school. Have to get there early"

"Oh, really? I didn't even know that still existed now that you kids....."

"Teens" Mike interrupted,

Mrs Wheeler sighed, tired of this, but she relented. "Now that you teens, are in high school, I thought....."

"Yeah, well.....you were wrong mom. It doesn't matter if we're in high school now, the A.V club still exists" Mike interrupted again.

"Michael," Karen Wheeler started, turning to her son, but one look at the young teen before her, made her decide to talk to her son later. When he's not looking like he'll argue with her. "We'll talk later. Just make sure you get to class on time. I don't want a repeat of last year." She told her son before, going down stairs, Holly, who had been quiet up until now, decided to ask for eggos before they even reached the bottom of the steps.

"C'mon Nancy, hurry up! Your goanna make me late for school" he called, as soon as his mother had disappeared down the stairs. A flutter of hope entered Mike's chest when he heard the shower turn off.

"Be patient asshole. I just got in!" The sound of his sister's voice, Nancy, called back from the other side of the closed bathroom door.

Just as Mike was about to respond, he heard his mother shout from the dining area.

"Michael!"

Slightly startled, Mike shouted down the stairs, "What? I'm kinda busy!"

"Get down here!"

A confused look crossed Mike's face, though he had some idea why his mother wanted him downstairs.

"Why?"

Hearing his mother shouting from the dining area, telling him to clean his dishes, Mike groaned, telling her that he'll do them later, once he's finished getting ready. Unfortunately, she wasn't taking no for answer.

"No, you get down here right now, Michael James Wheeler!"

Mike groaned again, knowing his mother meant business when she uses his full name. Glancing at the bathroom door, then back to the descending stairs, Mike sighed dejectedly, knowing he was going to arrive at school, later than planned.

2. Chapter 2

A/N

Thanks for the lovely reviews guys, hope you love this chapter just as much as the last one xxx

"Michael Wheeler," a small plump teacher, with honey brown hair in a bob just below her ears. Dressed in a pair of black formal work pants, with a knitted pastel blue sweater over a plain white t-shirt, wearing 2 inch heeled black shoes, stood at the front of the classroom called out, she glanced up from the register after not hearing any response. With her blue eyes hidden by a pair of black rectangular rimmed glasses, glanced at the center desk in the front row where the student has been sitting since the start of the school year back in September, she noticed that he wasn't yet in the class.

Sighing, knowing that this isn't the first time, she asked the class, mainly his four friends who sat in their designated desks that surrounded the Wheeler boy's empty desk.

"Has anyone seen Michael Wheeler? Anyone?"

She only received negative responses. All the students in the class shook their heads.

Will put a hand up. "Um, Miss, Mike's sister, Nancy said that he had left for early today for school....."

"Yeah and we saw his bike in the bike park racks here." Lucas added,

Miss Phillips nodded, taking this in, deciding to get started on the lesson.

Dustin Henderson, sitting in his desk situated a row behind Mike's empty desk, turned to Max who sat in the desk next to him on the left, whispered,

"Shit, if....."

"Dustin! What have I told you about swearing in this class?"

"Umm.....not to. Sorry Miss Phillips, won't happen again," Dustin apologized, before turning back to face Max and Lucas, Will leaned over from where he was sitting. "If Mike doesn't....."

"Better not Mr Henderson." Miss Phillips said in a warning.

Looking back at the English teacher, Dustin nodded. "It won't." he promised, before turning back to his friends. "If Mike doesn't show up soon....."

"Will, could you hand the Of Mice and Men books out please?" The English teacher interrupted,

Dustin groaned, currently hating the teacher right now.

In his seat, which was situated in the front row on the right side of Mike's desk, Will nodded in response to the teacher.

"Yes Miss Phillips" he sent Dustin an apologetic look as he got out of his chair and made his way to the teacher's desk at the front of the classroom.

"And Lu....." Miss Phillips was about to ask another student to help Will hand out the books but was interrupted by some students in the back row that burst out laughing over a conversation they were currently having between themselves.

A few detentions dished out later and Miss Phillips turned her focus back to her quietest student.

"Lucas. Could you help Will with handing out the books?"

Glancing at Dustin and receiving a small nod, Lucas shrugged his shoulders followed by, "Uh.....yes Miss," he also stood up and made his way to the teacher's desk where he picked up the second stack of books that were sitting atop of the desk.

With the books handed out equally, and his friends back in their desk, Dustin continued what he had been trying to say to three of his friends.

"If Mike doesn't get here soon then M....."

The classroom door burst open before Dustin could finish and before Miss Phillips could tell the students to open the books to the first chapter.

"Sorry I'm late Miss Phillips, I....." the familiar sound of Mike Wheeler interrupted

"Jesus Christ, can't....."

"Detention, Mr Henderson!"

Dustin let out a groan. He buried his face in his arms on his desk. Not another detention.

Miss Phillips turned her attention back to Mike. "please continue Michael."

Nodding Mike told the teacher that he had been with the principal. Miss Phillips was about to ask for

a note, but Mike cut her off before she could ask.

"Oh, this is El-Eloise Hopper," Mike introduced, reaching behind him and gently pulling El forward from where she had been standing, blocked by the doorway. Now she stood beside him, still holding his hand. "She's the Chief's daughter, just..."

"Chief Hopper's daughter?" Miss Phillips asked, an eyebrow raised as she looked at both teens. Mike and El both nodded. "I didn't know he had a daughter."

"Well he does" Mike said a little defensively. This had already happened earlier on with several teachers they had passed by on the way to the principal's office as well as students in ninth grade that didn't recognize El at all.

Ignoring Mike, Miss Phillips asked El whereabout she's from.

El nervously looked at Mike, hoping that the teacher wouldn't question what they had already rehearsed several times over the

Christmas break. Mike reassuringly squeezed her hand, giving her an encouraging nod.

"Ch-Chicago, ma'am" El responded.

"Well, welcome to Hawkins high Miss Hopper. I'm sure you'll have a great time here." Miss Phillips welcomed, giving El a warm smile. El nervously smiled back.

"Thank you, ma'am."

As Mike guided El over to a spare desk situated on Max's left, Miss Phillips told her, "Eloise, just call me Miss Phillips"

El nodded, before continuing to allow Mike to guide her to the spare desk.

"My desk is just there El," Mike pointed over to the desk in the front row. The only empty desk in the classroom. "Max is beside you though and Lucas is here in front of you. Will you be...um, okay here or..."

"Mr Wheeler, sit down." Miss Phillips interrupted,

"But..."

"I'm sure Miss Hopper can survive the lesson without you beside her."

Not at all happy, Mike moodily sat down, after apologizing to El.

"Max, how about you start us off with reading the first paragraph in chapter one?" Miss Phillips

suggested once she gave both El and Mike two spare books that were left on her desk.

Max rolled her eyes. Hating that the English teacher always asked her to read out loud first.

"Yeah Miss Phillips" she responded with a reluctant nod.

Thinking that everyone has their books open to the right page. Max

started reading.

"A few miles south of Soledad, the Salinas River drops close to the hillside bank and runs deep and green..."

Hawkins Police Station

9:15am

Chief Jim Hopper sat at his desk. His feet propped up, a half-eaten apple in one hand, and in the other, an old newspaper, dating back to a month and half ago with the picture of a boy, slightly younger than his daughter, Jane, on the front page with the worlds headlined and in bold print,

'Missing Child.'

Hopper sighed, re-reading the information again about the missing boy.

Age: 13 years. Birthday is, 31st October 1971

Place of residence: Stockwood. A small town, an hour's drive north of Hawkins.

The boy attends Stockwood middle school.

Since the boy has not yet been found, the Chief down at Stockwood police station contacted Hopper a few weeks ago, along with several other Chief of police stations in the surrounding towns, which now involved several police on the case for the boy.

Ever since his late daughter, Sarah had died ten years ago, Hopper never wanted another parent to go through what he went through when he lost his daughter. After what happened with Joyce's son Will, Hopper didn't want another kid caught up with the involvement of the upside down as the kids deemed it to be called and ever since Eleven/Jane as he would sometimes call her, came into his life, he sympathized a whole lot more with other parents and so when Chief Montgomery called to involve the Hawkins police station on the case, Hopper didn't hesitate to help out. The minute he got the call, he

drove down with two of his trusted officers.

Officer Callahan and Officer Powell.

He recalled what Mr Thomas, the father of the missing boy, said about the day the child went missing.

"Uh, Chief?" Officer Callahan interrupted his thoughts. Startling him.

"Jesus Christ, Callahan! You startled me! Doesn't anyone know how to knock on the door around here anymore?"

"Oh, sorry Chief. I did knock, but I guess you didn't hear me." Officer Callahan apologized, before jumping straight to the point. "Anyway, there seems to be a problem down at the alleyway. Just by Hawkins cinema. It seems like that Hargrove kid, skived school again to... well you know, vandalize the town again"

Hopper sighed. Any other day he would be up on his feet to sort that piece of shit out, but right now, all he wanted to do was solve the missing kid case and push away that sinking feeling he had every time he picked up that month and a half old newspaper to see the face of another missing kid.

"I'm busy here, trying to solve this case. Why can't you or Powell sort out that kid for a change?" He asked, though he already knew the answer.

Officer Callahan shrugged his shoulders. "Sorry Chief, we would, but... you do remember what happened the first time we had to deal with the kid. Don't ya?"

Sighing again, Hopper nodded. "Course I do. He beat the shit out of the two of you." Not able to think of any of his other officers that might be able to sort out the kid, Hopper sighed again for the third time. "Fine, I'll go sort the kid out. Again!"

As he left his office. Hopper grumbled about incompetent officers not being able to deal with a seventeen-year-old kid. If they couldn't deal with one boy, how on earth are they meant to deal with anything much worse than that.

11:27 am,

Marie's bridal dress shop, in the town of Alexandria Indiana, a half an hour drive south-west of Hawkins.

Sipping a glass of champagne, sat a mother of three, with brown eyes, watch as her long- time friend, the bride to be, twirled round. Swallowing the sparkling wine, she nodded her head.

"Oh my God, that is the dress." She proudly said, proud that she had picked the right dress for her friend to wear on her special day. Whenever that will be.

The bride to be stood in a Cinderella-like wedding dress, biting her bottom lip. Feeling overwhelmed.

"Are you sure Karen?" She asked, uncertainty in her tone as spun back round on her heels to look at her friend again. "I mean, you don't think it is a little...too much or anything?"

Karen shook her head. Her neatly brushed brown curls bouncing around.

"No honey, you look...(sniffles).....amazing" she told her friend, tears forming in her eyes.

The bride to be spun round again so that she could look in the mirror once more. After a minute or two, she sighed. Wishing she had a love for shopping. She absolutely hated shopping and if it wasn't for the fact that she had told her friend that she was engaged. She would have just chosen wear her old wedding dress from her previous marriage, that was if it still fits.

"I don't see why I have buy another dress when I've got a..."

A loud sigh coming from her friend interrupted her. "Joyce! We've been through this already. You cannot show up at your second wedding, dressed in the same dress you wore at your first wedding. It's a sign of disrespect to the person you've chosen to spend the rest of your life with!" Karen explained, a little tired of having explained it once more.

Joyce shrugged, letting out another sigh. "I know, you're right...but this dress is..."

"Is perfect for your second and hopefully last wedding." Karen interrupted, she took another sip of her champagne. "Ugh, I am so jealous right now! You're getting married, while I'm in the middle of a divorce"

"Karen, I've only been engaged for one day. He just proposed last night. I mean, anything could happen before we even set a date for the wedding. He could decide he doesn't want to..."

Joyce! What did I say? Of course, he's not going to regret proposing to you. I mean, the man is practically head over heels for you. I knew this the first time he moved back to Hawkins nine years ago when you were still with that douche, you had once called husband"

Joyce rolled her brown eyes. "I know that Lonnie's a douche Karen, but he's the father of my sons."

Karen raised an eyebrow. "Well, since Will's returned, I've not seen that idiot anywhere. While the..."

"Sorry to interrupt ladies, but do you need any help with anything Mrs Byers?" The Bridal shop owner asked,

Both Joyce and Karen, after glancing at each other, shook their heads in unison.

"We're fine Marie, we're actually getting ready to leave."

"Oh...are you sure? Do you want to try on another dress or..."

"Yes we're sure Marie. We'd actually like to put this current dress on hold, come back and look at it some other time this week. If that's alright with you?" Karen interrupted.

The shop owner, Marie, nodded her head.

"That's alright," Marie looked at Joyce. "Would Thursday 12:00pm, be alright with you, Mrs Byers?"

Joyce thought about it. "I actually ha..."

Karen jumped in.

"We've got nothing going on that time." She ignored Joyce's look. "12pm suits us both. Come along then Joyce, go change. We've got a busy afternoon ahead of us." Karen took one last long sip of the champagne before handing it back to the shop owner, who took the glass as Joyce went to change out of the dress.

Bidding the shop owner goodbye, Joyce, who was now dressed in her work clothes, left with the bridal shop with Karen. She turned in the direction of Karen's parked car, prepared to go back to work and explain to her boss why her friend decided to kidnap her just to take her bridal dress shopping.

"Joyce? Where are you going?" Karen asked her friend, she had headed the other direction, away from the car.

Joyce stopped in her footsteps, turning to look at her friend. Confused.

"To the car. I have to get back to work Karen. Where are..."

Karen shook her head. "Honey, you don't have time to work right now. You've got a wedding to plan" Karen said as she walked back over to her friend.

"What are you..."

"Come on. I've already made a book at the cake shop nearby. They do these amazing wedding cakes" Karen took her friend's hand in hers, dragging her in the opposite direction of where they had parked the car.

Reluctantly sighing, Joyce followed her friend. "Alright, but you can explain to my boss tomorrow morning why you took me away from my shift today"

3. Chapter 3

Hey guys, thanks for the lovely reviews.

Candy95: Glad you found the previous chapter funny and wholesome. I had been aiming for that XD

On with the story

"So...how was Maths with 'Mrs Grinch?'" Jonathan asked, Nancy, meeting her outside the maths corridor.

"Ugh, it was terrible." Nancy complained, "I think she hates me. I mean, she gave me a detention for being a minute late to class, while that douchebag, Jack Smith, who's chums with Billy, got off scot free when he arrived ten minutes after I had."

"Whoa, she did?" Jonathan looked surprised. He had Miss Young (The Grinch's wife) for maths last year for maths and had thought she was an alright teacher. Strict, but fair.

Nancy nodded, continuing to complain as they walked hand in hand towards their lockers.

"Yeah, she did, and that's not all of it you know." They paused at Nancy's locker, where she swapped her maths books for her History books. "She kept glaring at me, and she gave nearly the whole class detention for talking and not doing the work, when most of us were doing the work..." Nancy paused, locking her locker door, then she went with Jonathan to his locker where he did the same.

"...but not the football star, Smith, who, was the loudest talker in the classroom..." Nancy continued, as they walked through the corridors of Hawkins high to their next class, History.

When she was finished with her complaint, Jonathan spoke up. "You should complain" he suggested, causing Nancy to look up at him with a raised eyebrow.

"You're kidding, right?"

Jonathan shook his head. "I'm serious. I mean, if she's that bad and unfair, you should complain to the principal or your parents. The worst that can happen is, she'll lose her job."

A thoughtful look crossed Nancy's face, as she listened to Jonathan's suggestion. It was an idea...if it was any other teacher, then she would do exactly that. Hell, I'm sure the whole class would.

"It wouldn't work...she'll only a warning then she'll just continue teaching" Nancy told him, shaking her head in the negative. "But I do like that idea." She smiled up at him, thinking it through, perhaps she could get everyone in the class to complain as well.

"I know, and it would work, she would be fired, if an entire class complained about her unfair teaching." Jonathan added,

Nancy nodded at this, wearing a thoughtful look on her face.

"Hey um, Nance..." Jonathan called, pausing in his footsteps.

His girlfriend also paused, turning to look up at him.

"Yeah, Jonathan?"

"What uh...are you..." he nervously sighed, "are you uh, doing anything this Wednesday?"

Nancy thought about it, before nodding. "Yeah, I'm um, going to New York...for my interview at NYU." She told him, "I thought I had already told you this." She looked at him seriously, slightly confused.

Jonathan's lips formed an 'O' shape. "Yeah, you did. Sorry Nance, my bad. I uh, must have forgot" he let out another sigh, continued walking, "come on, let's uh, just get to class."

Nancy stood there, even more confused. She knew right there and then that her boyfriend didn't just forget.

"Hey, Jonathan," she called after him, stopping him. She made her way over to him. "What's wrong? Is there something on Wednesday that you wanna do?" she asked, confused as she looked into his warm brown eyes.

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders. "Yeah, there uh...was, but never mind, we can, uh, just do it another time. Perhaps when you get back" he told her, leaning down to give her a quick kiss on the lips. "Come, if we don't hurry, we'll be late for class again." He said, pulling back.

Nancy, lost in her train of thoughts, just nodded. Allowing her boyfriend to take her hand in his and pull her along through the corridors until they reached their History class. Putting those thoughts on hold for now, she entered the classroom with Jonathan.

Later, when she didn't have classes, she would think about what Jonathan wanted to do this Wednesday.

As she wrote down the current date at the top of a clean, blank page in her school notebook, her eyes went wide, noticing the date.

"Shit!"

"Language Miss Wheeler...next time, it will be a detention." Mr Walker, the history teacher warned, as he strolled into the classroom.

"Sorry, sir. It won't happen again" She said, before glancing an apologetic look towards Jonathan who was sitting in the desk beside her.

Jonathan shook his head, and as the teacher stood there taking the register, he mouthed, "don't worry about it."

Though she tried not to worry about it, tried not to feel guilty for not remembering and tried to concentrate in class, Nancy sat there at her desk, worrying. With the words,

I'm such a bad girlfriend. Floating around her mind.

"Good afternoon, I'm Steve, and I'll be your waiter this afternoon. What can I get you?" Steve said his usual greeting in a monotone voice, trying his best to sound cheery, though, how could he when he's stuck in Hawkins, working for his father at one of his father's restaurants, when he could have been playing football right now, partying and doing all kinds of shit with other college freshmen.

In his hands, he was currently holding a small notebook and pen to write the orders down.

The couple sitting at the table, ordered what they wanted. Steve sighed, wishing he could be anywhere, but there.

"Alright, so that's one glass of green summer juice, a glass of Peroni beer, one Spaghetti Bolognese and one Chicken Caesar salad." The couple nodded their heads as they listened to Steve reading their order back to them. "Alright, well it shouldn't take too long." He told them, then headed off towards the kitchens at the back of the restaurant where he handed the order to the head chef, who usually took the orders.

Afterwards, he headed back out to the restaurant floor where he made his way over to another table to write down more orders.

On his way there, he passed by a new colleague of his, who had just started working as a waitress at his father's restaurant. Lizzie Smith. She was originally from England, but had moved here to attend university, she has an aunt and uncle, who she stays with during the holidays.

"Hey Steve," she greeted him,

"Hey Liz," he greeted back. "How's..."

"Are you doing anything tonight?"

Steve thought about it, before shaking his head. Since Nancy is currently with Jonathan, he tended to keep out of their way. It made it feel less awkward, compared to how it would have felt if he continuously hung around with them, which he does... sometimes, but not all the time. Yes, since the end of last year, he had become good friends with Jonathan, to the point where he accepted, Nancy choosing to be with the boy he had once bullied and called loner, instead of him.

At first, he hadn't liked the idea of the two of them together, and avoided hanging out with them at all costs. That was until Nancy confronted him, several months later, when he had finally accepted

her new relationship.

Now, when all three were free, he would spend some time with them, and even though they were dating, he was forever grateful that both Nancy and Jonathan kept the whole, couple thing, down, when he was with them.

When he wasn't hanging out with Nancy or Jonathan, he sometimes spent some time with Dustin and the rest of the A.V club, either goofing off with them, or helping them with whatever problems they needed, he had even helped with tutoring Jane during his free time so she was ready for school, and though she was now going to school, he would still tutor her, no their regular tutoring days. Wednesdays and Fridays.

He shook his head. "Uh...no, I don't think I am. Why?"

Lizzie shrugged her shoulders. "I uh, need to talk to you about something." She told him, there was a sense of nervousness in her voice.

Deciding not to ask yet, he just said. "Okay...uh...wha-what about?"

"Nothing." She bit her bottom lip. "It's...it's not important, but I uh...just need your help with something." She told him,

Frowning, Steve could see that something was troubling her, but he decided not to push it until later this evening. "Okay, um...my dad, is away for the week...so, we could meet at my house. If uh, that's alright?"

Lizzie nodded her head. "Yeah. What time?"

"5pm?" Steve suggested,

"Yeah, 5pm, is good for me." Lizzie said, nodding her head again.

"Okay, cool." Steve nodded, "see you then." He couldn't help but smile.

"Yeah...see you then" Lizzie repeated, also smiling, though, it was smaller than Steve's.

The two colleagues stood there, wondering what to do or say from there. Luckily, they didn't have to stand there for very long, in awkward silence, trying to work it out, as the manager of the restaurant, interrupted the two older teens.

"Harrington, Smith, you better get back to work if you know what's good for you!" The manager yelled at them from across the restaurant. Both teens stood there blushing.

"I uh..." Steve started,

"I better go wait some tables." Lizzie said, finishing off of Steve's sentence.

Steve nodded. "Yeah, uh...me too."

The two teens split up from each other, going their separate ways and getting back to work. Steve went to wait on another table, and Lizzie, she went to the kitchens to hand an order in to the head chef.

The school bell for lunch rang through the corridors of Hawkins high school. Mike, who was hurriedly stuffing his books and anything else he didn't currently need, in his locker. When he was finished, he locked his locker closed, zipped up his backpack, shouldered his bag, then hurried through the crowds of students, who were mostly all going to the same place. The school cafeteria.

"Mike," Max called after him, trying to keep up with him as best as she could. Shit, it's only been a couple of hours. Not 353 days again, and he's already hurrying to the cafeteria as if the world's going to end.

"Mike, wait up!" Lucas joined in, calling for his best friend, while running alongside his girlfriend, Max and their friend Will. All three, realising it was kind of pointless, decided to slow down.

That was until Will stopped, remembering something.

"Hey guys, why are we stopping?" Will asked confused, suddenly remembering the pact.

"Well...there's no point in wasting our breaths on trying to catch up with Mike," Lucas started,

"We'll see him in the cafeteria anyway." Max cut in.

Will shook his head. "But don't you remember the pact we made at the beginning of the school year?"

Lucas and Max looked at each other, both wearing confused looks, they then looked at Will. Neither of their expressions changing. They shrugged their shoulders.

"No," max shook her head at Will.

"What pact?" Lucas asked,

Will reminded them.

Meanwhile, already in the school cafeteria, sitting at the far-left table by the back window, where the A.V club usually sat each lunch, Dustin sat there, talking to El, who was barely even listening to him. He noticed El glancing at the main doors that connected the cafeteria to the main school, a few times already since they arrived from their last class. History, which they have together since they're in the same form group.

"Don't worry. Mike will be here soon." Dustin reassured his friend, who looked back at him, worried.

What if something bad happened? What if he bumped into a mouthbreather? What if Papa really is alive and found Mike? Were the questions swimming around in El's mind.

"Are you...are you sure?"

Dustin nodded. "Yeah, I'm su...hey look, speak of the devil himself." Dustin said, grinning, when he spotted Mike, shortly followed by the rest of the A.V club; Max, Lucas and Will, all walking in through the cafeteria entrance.

"Where?" She asked,

Dustin pointed their friends out. "Over there, El. Look!"

Spotting Mike, thanks to Dustin, El shot up and out of the chair she had been sitting on, and darted towards her boyfriend, who had yet to see her. A huge grin spreading on her face.

"Mike!"

A red-faced Mike turned towards the familiar sound of his girlfriend calling him. "El-" he started to say, just about spotting her. He had just about enough time to open his arms wide enough to wrap them around her, the minute she barrelled into his chest. The two teens stood there, embracing each other.

There was a cough behind the couple, causing the two teens to break apart, and though they weren't embracing each other anymore, they still had an arm wrapped around each other.

"Hey lovebirds, you're blocking the way." Max teased, causing her two friends to blush.

Lucas couldn't help but snicker at Mike's blushing cheeks. Causing both Mike and Will to glare at him.

"Yeah, this is the cafeteria, not a bedroom." Lucas said,

Will couldn't help but let out a snort,

"Yeah, what Lucas said. I mean, if you want to you know...do it, then..." Dustin jumped in, having heard what Lucas said, on his way over to his group of friends, table, forgotten, for now.

"Guys, come on, st..." Mike started to say, his cheeks, already blushing hard.

"Then you can always go find a..."

"Enough guys, that's..." Will started, grossed out now. Sometimes, his friends, could go way too far.

"Find a janitors closet to do it in..." Dustin finished, causing Max and Lucas to burst out laughing, which caused everyone in the cafeteria

to turn to look at the group of six.

While this happened, Mike stood there still blushing from embarrassment and the awkwardness of the conversation, El stood there, confused, and Will, he stood there, feeling sick.

"Oh...shit!" Dustin swore, realising they had gone, maybe... a little over the top.

Lucas still continued snickering,

Mike continued blushing, not able to think of a way to get out of this awkward situation. Everyone, in the room, had their eyes on them. Shit.

It wasn't until Max took control of the situation and yelled out, "Nothing to see here folks, continue eating!" luckily, they all did, though some, still listened to the group if they were nearby, trying to get some information on what the group were talking about, and some, if they weren't in hearing range, watched from a distance, see how it would all escalate from there.

"Shut up guys." Mike awkwardly told them, while wishing for the ground to open up and swallow him whole, perhaps with El...he couldn't leave her behind.

El, though she had learnt many things over the past year from her friends, Hopper, Joyce, Nancy, Steve and Jonathan, she still sometimes struggled with certain things they all said.

This one was one of them.

"Guys..." she started, gaining her friends attention. "What does, do...it, mean?" she asked,

Shit. Max, Lucas, Mike and Will all thought, not really interested in being hunted down by the chief anytime soon. Maybe another time.

Dustin, not really coming to the same thought as his friends, opened his mouth to respond to El.

"It means that when you li..."

Mike, Max, Will and Lucas, quickly covered their friend's mouth, stopping him from finishing off with that explanation. That was a job for either Hopper or Joyce. Whoever, El decided to ask first.

"Maybe you should ask the chief or Joyce that question, later, El." Lucas told her.

El looked at all five of her friends with the same confused look.
"Why?"

Max, Will and Lucas, all looked at Mike, who sighed. "It's uh...just not uh, appropriate for us to explain to you...it um,"

"a conversation to have with an adult," Will added, helping his friend out.

"A trusting adult. Like Mrs Byers or your dad, the uh, chief." Lucas said.

Dustin, who finally had his mouth free, still didn't catch on. "It's when you..."

"Hey Eloise," Max decided to change the conversation. So far, she was the only one out of their friends to remember to call El, Eloise. The four boys, tended to forget. "How did you find Science and History?" she asked,

"Yeah, El-" Will started, quickly catching on.

"Yeah, how were they?" Lucas cut in, "Science and History?"

Mike, felt forever grateful to Max, for changing the subject to a more...less awkward one, looked down at El, waiting for her to answer, wanting to see what she thought of the subjects, and though he was a lover of science, and had introduced El to the good side of it as much as she could, he didn't want her to like the subject just because of him.

El shrugged her shoulders. "History, was uh...alright. Science...is..." she hesitated, trying to think

of the right word to describe it. "Science, is... interesting."

Mike saw that El had a genuine look on her face, causing him to smile. She really liked science, and not just because of him.

"Hi Flo, I'm..."

"Afternoon, Susan. Just take a seat, your son will be out here shortly." Flo interrupted, already knowing why the woman was there. It was the same person picking the boy up every time.

Mrs Susan Hargrove nodded, cheeks blushing red from embarrassment as she took a seat. She hated this. The first-time round, picking her stepson up from the police station, was one too many times. She had told her husband many times that the child needed help. Emotionally and physically, but that...

"Ah...Mrs Hargrove, so glad you could make it." Hopper greeted, walking over to her with a forlorn Billy walking in front.

"Yes, thankfully my boss understood." Susan told him. She then turned on her stepson, glaring at him. "Young man, you had better wipe that grin off your face. Your father and I will be dealing with you the minute we're home. Skipping school and vandalism in one day...I"

Hopper stood there, silently, waiting for Mrs Hargrove to finish having ago at her son. However, seeing the kid standing there, smirking as if it isn't at all serious, he felt the urge to step in.

"Hey kid, lose that grin and start showing your mother some respect." He told the boy firmly.

The boy, Billy, stopped grinning. His attention turned to the chief. "Alright, chill chief. It's not my fault, she's actin' as if I just committed a crime..."

"What do you think vandalism is, kid?"

Billy rolled his eyes. Smirking, he said, "You know chief, I really think it's a great way for one to express themselves..."

Hopper rolled his eyes. Cursing himself for falling into that trap

again, twice in one day.

Bloody kid!

"And you know what I think it is... illegal, and as I told you before in my office, if you don't stop now, you'll find yourself in prison someday." Hopper glared, leaning forward, towards the Hargrove boy until his face was inches from the teen. "And do you know wha..."

The phone sitting atop of Flo's desk started ringing, she picked it up. "Hawkins police station. This is Flo. How can I help?"

".....t happens in prison?" Hopper asked,

Billy smirked, "I don't know chief. Ballet?"

Hopper continued glaring, ready to wipe that smirk off of the boy's face, that was until Flo interrupted him. "Chief, it's Mr Brown, on Old Pinewood Crescent...says he saw a boy looking like the missing kid from Stockwood this morning,"

Hopper asked her to ask the guy what time that had been. She nodding, about to ask, the guy on the other end of the phone line, heard Hopper, and responded, before the words could even come out of Flo's mouth. She nodded, looking up at the chief, repeating what Mr Brown had just told her.

"7:30am...says he would have phoned later, but he had been busy."

Hopper looked at her, confused. "Doing what?"

She shrugged her shoulders, busy taking notes the guy on the phone was telling her. "Alright, bye, Mr Brown, thank you for calling. I shall send the chief and another officer down right away sir," Flo ended the phone conversation. Placing the phone back on the hook, Flo turned her attention back to Hopper, who stood there with his arms folded, and an eyebrow raised. "I don't know... here's an idea, chief. Why don't you ask him that, when you get there?" She told him. "And wipe that look off your face. I'm a secretary, not a messenger pigeon."

Hopper sighed, shaking his head as his secretary went back to whatever she does best.

"Well, see you chief. Better take this son of mine, home." Mrs Hargrove said, "Come on Billy."

Billy rolled his eyes. "Susan, quit calling me your son. You're not my moth..."

"Don't talk to your mother like that, kid. Though she never gave birth to you, at least she's acting like a damn good mother. Now, go home kid, and this better be the last time I see you here, unless you're a victim of something serious. Like you guys being burgled, or something like that" Hopper told the boy in a serious tone. Man, he could use a cigarette right now.

As the two Hargroves left the station, Hopper, turned to the main part of the station where his colleagues were sitting and talking at their desks, trying to look as if they weren't goofing off.

"Callahan, I need you to come with me to Mr Brown's place at Old Pinewood Crescent, said something about the missing kid from Stockwood." Hopper called, as he walked back towards his office.

"Okay chief." Callahan nodded, standing up from his desk. "Are we going in separate cars, or..."

"We'll take my car." Hopper told him, interrupting, and chucking his car keys to the officer.

Catching the keys, Callahan, said, "okay chief. I'll meet you at your car then, chief." The officer made sure he had everything, including his police jacket and gun.

Hopper did the same, when he got to his office, making sure he had everything he needed. He then walked back out of his office, giving everyone orders as he left the station.

Once he was outside, he placed a cigarette in his mouth, lighting the other end of it, with his lighter, he made his way over to his car, where officer Callahan was already seated in the passenger seat. Getting into the driver's seat and closed the car door, just as Callahan, chucked his keys back to him.

"Here ya go Chief." Callahan said,

"Thanks" Hopper caught his keys, put them into the ignition and turned on the car. He then buckled in. The two officers in one car, drove towards where the missing kid was last seen. Both hoping the kid hasn't gotten too far since that morning.

A/N Hope you guys enjoy this chapter. I had fun writing the lunch scene. Don't forget to review xxx

4. Chapter 4

Hey guys, thanks for all the lovely reviews, really enjoyed reading them. Don't worry I'll continue writing this story until it's completed.

Hope you guys enjoy this chapter xx

"Mom," Nancy started, as she lay two dinner plates on the table....well, three, if you include Holly's kid's plate. Her brother, Mike was having dinner over at the Byers, while Ted, her father, he was working late and wouldn't be back until late this evening....probably when they're all in bed.

Over the past Month or so she's been noticing her parents behavior around each other. Her dad's usually sleeping on the couch at nights, at meal times....when they have a family meal, the room is so intense between both her mom and dad, that you could cut the tension with a knife....that is, when her dad is actually home on time for dinner, which is quite rare now. She's also noticed he's always leaving earlier for work, way before her mom gets up.

It wasn't until a few weeks ago when she approached her mom, asking her what's been going on between them. To say she had been shocked would be an understatement.

Though it was bound to happen, she couldn't believe they were going through a divorce. She had rolled her eyes. It's only her parents who do the opposite of most couples.

Most couples, tend to show affection towards each other with every moment they have. Her parents, rarely do. The last time she can remember seeing her parents show affection was not too long before....well, before baby Holly was born.

Skip ahead to five years forward, the two are getting a divorce, but instead of one of them moving out like most divorcing couples do, they now consider each other roomies. When she had asked her mom why she or dad haven't moved out, she said something about

financial issues.

"Yes, Nance?" Karen responded from the kitchen, where she was currently preparing dinner. Mashed potatoes, steamed vegetables and roast chicken. The chicken was currently roasting in the oven.

"Could I...uh, ask you something?" Karen nodded her head, though her daughter could not see.

"Come here and make a salad." Karen said,

Nancy nodded, "okay. Just uh...let me finish laying the table." When she was finished, she made her way into the kitchen where she started preparing a salad. Starting with, chopping up some washed lettuce.

"So....what is it you wanted to ask Nance?" Karen asked her daughter, as she turned on the hob for the steamer.

Nancy shrugged her shoulders, not really sure, where she should start. "It's uh....well, I actually....I need your help with something....to do with me and Jonathan" she decided to start there.

Telling her mom what happened earlier that day at school, when she was finished, Karen had a thoughtful look on her face.

"Hmm, that is hard....oh, I know what you can do Nance to make it up to Jonathan, you can surprise him."

Nancy raised an eyebrow, she paused in grating the carrot.

"Surprise him? How?"

Karen told her daughter how she can surprise Jonathan.

Nancy stood there, listening to every word her mom was telling her. She nodded in agreement when her mom was finished. "Thanks mom, I think I'll do that" she thanked her mom, giving her a quick hug.

Karen put the washed knife down on the drying board, just before she received a hug from her teenage daughter. "I'm happy to help, Nance." She said, returning the hug.

Both mother and daughter went back to finishing up with their work. Nancy, finished preparing a salad while Karen finished washing up.

6:30pm,

Harrington residence,

Steve paced the living room, he had the house to himself for a couple of weeks, since his father, Mr Harold Harrington was out of town, checking on his other restaurants, while his mother...he didn't really know where she was right now, but he had a feeling the woman has gone and taken herself to Miami or somewhere like that, and won't be back until only God-knows-how-long-for.

Steve sighed, he didn't really care where his mother was, just as long as she wasn't here.

He continued pacing, only stopping for a short while to watch the minute hand on the wall clock change. 6:31pm. He let out another sigh, wondering why where she was and why she wanted to talk to him.

Yes, they were friends, but they haven't really hung out recently-2 months ago-after he had made the mistake in asking her out on a date. She turned him straight down, claiming she only saw them as just friends. The next time she finished her shift at work, he found out the other reason why she had turned him down.

Billy Hargrove. The two were....together, for now anyway. Since then, he tried to avoid her to the best of his ability.

The doorbell rang, a couple of minutes passed the time they had agreed for her to come. Going out into the hallway, Steve went to open the front door. There she stood, her long blonde hair, tied back in a messy ponytail.

"Hey Liz," he greeted, taking a step back, giving her enough room to enter. "Come on in."

Liz greeted him back as she entered into the hallway. Closing the door once she enter, Steve didn't hesitate to lead her down the

hallway and into the living room. "So....uh, did you want a drink or anything to eat?" he asked her.

"uh....just water would be fine." Liz replied,

Steve nodded, telling her to just make herself at home, then he went to the kitchen.

Lizzie sat down comfortably on one of the two leather couches in the room, the one where you were looking out into the back at the inviting-looking swimming pool.

"So, uh...what did you want to...." Steve started as he came back from the kitchen with a glass of water.

"Nothing," Lizzie interrupted, wondering if she was insane for even thinking of coming here behind her boyfriend's back...that wad if he really was still her boyfriend after....

"thanks." she took the glass of water from Steve who handed it to her, before he went to take a seat down in the opposite leather couch.

Lizzie sighed when she caught his look. "Okay, fine....it was....something that I really needed to talk to somebody about....and you were the only friend I could think of going to with this....this problem of mine," she took a huge, long sip of her water, stalling for as long as she could. Perhaps I could fake ill?

"It's okay Liz....just, uh...take your time" Steve calmly told her, seeing her struggling with wondering whether to tell him or not.

Lizzie nodded her head, as she placed the glass on the near side table. She glanced across at Steve. Letting out another sigh, she decided that she couldn't put it off any longer.

"It-it was last night....af-after my shift ended, I left the restaurant and that's when I....I saw it-I saw him...."

Steve silently stood up and made his way over to the opposite couch. Just by looking at his friend, he knew that this was one of those stories where she would need a shoulder to cry on.

"Hargrove?"

Lizzie nodded, silently grateful to have a good friend like Steve.

"Yeah....he was across the road, he didn't see me, cause he was....he was too occupied,"

A tear drop or two trickled down Lizzie's cheeks, as she thought about what she had seen.

"Wha-what was Billy doing, Liz?"

Lizzie turned her head so she was looking right at Steve.

"He-he was cheating....on me."

Steve frowned. "Are you sure? I...uh, just mean, he's so...."

Lizzie nodded her head, still looking at Steve. "Yeah, I'm sure. I couldn't see who it was, since it was quite dark, but I....I could tell that he had his lips on another woman's lips, instead....instead of mine,"

If that was true about Billy Hargrove cheating on Liz, then Steve wouldn't hesitate to drive down to the Hargroves house and beat the shit out of the douchebag-using his bat-for hurting his friend like this.

As the two teens sat there on the couch beside each other, Steve had his arm wrapped around his friend, gently rubbing her back in a reassuring manner, as she cried her heart out over the jerk that she saw cheating on her.

Sighing, Steve silently wondered if he had ever been this bad to Nancy. He knew that he had never cheated on her, but could he have been horrible towards her at times, enough to cause her to cry like this. Was that why she had chosen Jonathan instead?

I'm sorry Nance, if I ever did cause you to cry like this. He silently apologized and made a silent promise that he'll be a better friend to her than he had been a boyfriend.

Palace Arcade

"Go, go, go!" Dustin encouraged Max, who was busy beating Lucas's score on Donkey Kong.

"No, no, ah shit!" Lucas said, when his girlfriend got through to the next level. One that he

hadn't managed to reach yet. He face palmed himself. He had yet to beat Max's scores on any of the arcade games.

"Quiet douchebags!" Max snapped at her two friends without taking her eyes off of the screen. "I'm trying to concentrate here!"

Finally after what felt like eternity, Max lost on the next level, ending the game.

"Ha, yes!" Lucas cheered, glad that she had eventually lost. Two levels from the current level he always got stuck on. Now I just need to come here every chance I get and hopefully I'll be able to beat Max's score....or maybe if I....

"Don't even think about it stalker." Max interrupted his thoughts, glaring at him. Though they made a cute couple, when they got along, basically anytime they weren't at the arcade where they become nothing but competitive with each other, they were like an old married couple, squabbling between themselves. "I'm not going to give you any pointers, not after you kept trying to make me lose...."

"What? No I never" Lucas's voice went high with denial.

"Uh....yes, you did, Lucas" Dustin nodded his head.

Lucas shot his friend a glare. "shut up Dustin!"

"Don't try to deny it Sinclair." Max, deciding to tease her boyfriend a little longer, added, "in fact, I might just give Henderson here, some pointers instead."

Dustin grinned a toothy grin. "Haha"

Lucas rolled his eyes, sighing he shook his head, admitting he did in

fact try to make her lose at the game, and apologizing for it. "Okay, okay, I'm uh....sorry,"

"For?" Both Dustin and Max pushed.

Lucas let out another sigh, cursing his own competitiveness that usually got him into trouble.

"For trying to uh....make you, uh....lose."

Max leaned in to kiss Lucas on the lips.

"Shit, not in here guys!" Dustin complained, covering his eyes with his hands. This caused Max and Lucas to pull back from the kiss and bursting out laughing.

Dustin, groaned, hearing kissing noises coming from his friends. Why me?

"Dustin, man, we're not even doing anything...." Lucas finally said,

Dustin shook his head, his eyes still covered. "Nah ah, I'm not falling for that trick again. The last time I thought you guys weren't acting all....ew, you guys were making out, the minute I opened my eyes."

Max sighed, "this time we're serious."

Lucas nodded his head, "yeah honest, besides, Max was going to give us some pointers on Pac man to hopefully beat her high score...." Lucas reminded Dustin, who was sorely tempted to uncover his eyes. "Remember?"

"I get first dibs" Dustin all of a sudden said, quickly uncovering his eyes and racing his two friends to the Pac man machine. "Yes!" he triumphantly said, when he got to the machine first.

Lucas and Max came shortly by, both shaking their heads as Dustin yelled over the loud noises in the arcade.

"Come on Max, we'll be here all week if you guys don't hurry up and get your asses here"

Max rolled her eyes. "Okay, okay, hold your horses, douchebag"

Lucas couldn't help but let a cheeky grin form on his lips as he thought of another way to tease his impatient friend.

"Hey!" Dustin started, seeing Lucas's cheeky grin, aimed at him. "I...I know that look man, and don't you dare Lucas, don't you...."

Lucas ignored his friend, acting like he didn't hear him.

"Hey, uh, MadMax," Lucas interrupted his girlfriend who paused in her steps, turning around to look at him.

"Yeah stalker? Make it quick, I think Dustin's going to blow a gasket if I'm not there anytime soon."

"I am not!" Dustin defended himself.

"You've.....uh, got a little something on your face," Lucas told Max, who's eyes went wide.

"Where?" Max asked, panicked

Dustin shook his head, knowing what Lucas was playing at. "He's lying, don't you believe him Max! Don't you...."

"There," Lucas leaned in, kissing Max on the lips.

Dustin groaned, flipping Lucas off. Planning pay back on his friend.

At the Byers residence, Joyce, Hopper, El, Mike and Will were all sitting at the kitchen table, with two pizza boxes opened in the center of the table, containing two pepperoni and mushroom pizzas, that Joyce had picked up on the way home from work. Jonathan was working late, so Joyce had placed a plate with two slices of pizza in the fridge, for when Jonathan got back late.

"So, how did everyone's day go?" Joyce asked, the first one to break the silence.

Will, who was sitting on her left, responded first. "It was alright mom.

We've started reading Of Mice & Men today in English." Will paused, "Th..."

"Speaking of which, El's in our English class. Aren't you El?" all the attention turned to El, who looked at Mike, who was currently giving El an encouraging nod.

El nodded, "yes....I am."

"That's great sweetie." Joyce said,

Hopper, who was on Joyce's other side, wanted to hear how his daughter's day went, so he spoke up, before anyone else could. "How did you find your first day of school El?" Mike beat him to it. Hopper sighed, well, at least he tried.

"A...a lot of people, but I uh...liked it." El responded, a little unsure if she was speaking properly. "It wasn't like being at the lab, and uh, I really en-enjoyed science."

Everyone around the table looked at El sympathetically, knowing what she meant by that, as they have all seen her suffering with the traumatic past from her time at the lab. El looked at everyone, confused. Did I say something wrong? She wondered.

Seeing El looking nervous, Joyce smiled warmly at El from across the table, being the one too break the silence once again. "I think it's great when a girl enjoys a subject that most girls wouldn't enjoy."

"And are you in the same science class as these boys?" Hopper asked, indicating to Mike and Will.

El shook her head, a glum look on her face. "No, I'm not." She replied, disappointed. "but uh....that's al-al-alright, the uh...teacher's nice."

Hopper decided to ask his daughter, "who's your science teacher?"

El responded, "I uh....I have Mr Jones,"

Hopper frowned, trying to remember who that guy was. Didn't ring a bell. Not at all.

"Who's...."

""He's a pretty teacher." Will said, already knowing what the chief was going to ask. "Jonathan has had him for science for the past four years....says he does a lot of practical lessons with....all his students."

"What kind of practical lessons?" Hopper directed his question to Will, who shrugged, trying to remember what Jonathan had told him.

"Uh.... well when he teaches the class chemistry he does a lot of practical experiments, studying the chemical reactions, the PH scale, the uh...reactions of acids with metals to produce uh...uh..."

Seeing his friend needing help, Mike, being great at Science out of all his friends, jumped in. Taking over from a struggling Will, who gave him a thankful look. Everyone's attention turned to Mike as he continued from Where Will had struggled.

".... the reactions of acids with metals to produce a salt plus hydrogen. Mr. Jones does chemical reactions to study the reactions of acids with alkalis to produce a salt plus water." Mike paused, thinking about what Jonathan had told them when they were preparing for high school back in September. "Biology, he doesn't do much practical experiments with, but the classes are interesting...well that's what Jonathan said. Physics, he does practical experiments to do with magnetics, static, forces..such as friction between surfaces and..."

"Doesn't he have the class do projects as well when they're studying the solar system?" Joyce interrupted, "Sorry Mike, I uh...just remember Jonathan coming home one time, with a science project to do, based on the solar system." She explained,

Will nodded his head, remembering that day as well. "Yeah he does. I can't remember what year, Jonathan had been, but it was...it was at the time when you and Dad were splitting up cause I remember Jonathan had me help him with his project as a...well as a distraction from you and Dad always arguing at the time..." Will trailed off, not really sure why he had bought that up.

Joyce, put a comforting arm around her boy's shoulders, resting her

hand on the back of his far shoulder, giving it a gentle, reassuring squeeze.

"Mom...pleaaase, not here when I have friends over." Will pleaded, sure he liked getting hugs from his mom, but not when he had friends over. It was embarrassing.

"Oh...sorry sweetie," Joyce said, taking her arm back, she then turned to face El again. "I think it's great that you love science, sweetie. The boys love science as well, which I am sure you obviously know that, don't you."

El nodded her head. "Yes Joyce, Mike's the one that intro-intro-

"Introduced?" Hopper guessed, before Mike could.

El nodded again, giving her dad a grateful look. "Introduced me to science,"

Mike raised an eyebrow at first. I did? He thought, not able to hide the smile forming on his face, glad that he had a girlfriend like El, who was willing to try new things, things that he always loves to do in his free time... maybe she can help us with the science fair this year? Unbeknownst to Mike, the smile grew wide at that thought.

Noticing that Mike was completely oblivious to everyone talking, El gently squeezed his hand.

"Mike," she said, gaining his attention.

"Huh, what?" He looked at her, worried. Is she okay?

"Are you okay?" El asked him, coming to the same question as him.

Mike nodded, "Yeah El, why wouldn't I be?"

El looked as if she was about to answer, but Hopper beat her to it, not able to resist embarrassing his daughter's boyfriend. "Cause you were smiling like an idiot that made you look like the poltergeist"

Mike's cheeks blushed red. El, though she didn't understand what a poltergeist was, she knew that Hopper said that just to embarrass

Mike. She also knew the word, 'idiot' and that it was an insult. So, she sent her dad a glare. Warning him not to embarrass her boyfriend and not to call him an idiot again.

Catching the glare coming from his daughter, Hopper rolled his eyes. Can't a kid let their dad have just a bit of fun for once?

Joyce, understanding exactly what Hopper meant by that, lightly slapped the chief who had the misfortune of sitting beside her, on the arm. "Ow! Jesus Joyce, what was that for?"

"For comparing a kid to the poltergeist just because he had a huge smile on his face. He's in love..." This unknown, to the adults, caused Mike to blush harder.

"I was kidding, Joyce" he defended himself, "besides, I've been working for nearly twelve hours today, can't you let me have some fun."

Joyce shook her head. Then she looked at him in surprise. "Twelve hours? Jeez Hop, you've got to learn to take a break every once in a while..."

Knowing Joyce was right, he nodded, letting out a sigh. "I know and I would, but now's not the right time and all, with..." Hopper stopped himself just in time, before he could let slip about any confidential police information. He caught Joyce's confused look. "Later." He mouthed to her,

Joyce nodded, in understanding. The room then fell quiet as everyone sat there, wondering what to talk about. Well, Joyce did, while Hopper took a sip of his beer, the three teens chatted amongst themselves, while wondering what Hopper was about to say.

"Oh...you'll never guess what happened to me today," Joyce started, breaking the silence and gaining everyone's attention, including Will who snapped out of his deep thoughts. "Karen showed up at the shop today... kidnapping me from my shift and taking me on an hour and a half drive to look at wedding dresses, cakes and thi..."

Hopper choked on his third slice of pizza. "Shit, I only just proposed

to you yesterday and already that woman takes you out to look at stuff for the wedding that we have no date set for." He cursed, shocked. Wondering what Karen Wheeler, does most of the time if she has time for kidnapping her friend from work and taking her wedding dress shopping a day after that friend was proposed to.

Mike, couldn't help but saying, "that sounds like my mom alright. She loves helping with planning weddings. Most of the weddings that's been held at Hawkins church, she's been the maid of honor and has helped the bride plan their wedding...Nancy's always said that's what mom should do, and would be doing if she wasn't stuck with someone like our dad."

Hopper, Joyce and Will all nodded their heads in understanding, having been to many of those weddings held at the church in town. Both Hopper and Joyce looked at each other. If there was one person they could trust planning a wedding, it was Karen.

El, sat there, confused. Confused because she's never been to a wedding nor has she met Mike's mom yet, which is something that she and Mike are both hoping will happen this year, considering she's now allowed out of the cabin and possibly allowed to wonder around town with her friends.

Across the table, Joyce, when she was finished talking to Hopper about something, turned to look at El. "El, sweetie" she started, gaining El's attention.

El turned to look at her future step-mom, glad that her dad was marrying her. Though the whole marriage concept was still new to her, she understood a bit of it and knew that once Joyce and her dad married, then Joyce would be her mother, and Will and Jonathan would be her brothers, which she was completely happy about.

"When did you want to go shopping for clothes?" Joyce asked her.

Confused, El looked at Joyce, frowning. But Hopper said... she turned to look at Hopper, who nodded his head at her. Understanding, El couldn't hold back a smile, forming on her lips. She turned back to face Joyce, then responded, "could we uh... could we perhaps go shopping tomorrow?"

"Sure honey...in fact, tomorrow's my half day. So we can go right after school." Joyce suggested, "is that fine with you?"

El nodded, smiling, feeling like the luckiest girl in the world. She was finally going to get to go shopping.

That's all for now guys. See you next chapter.

Don't forget to review xx

5. Chapter 5 The New Kid

Hey guys, I'm back and have enjoyed reading all your lovely reviews.

Had fun writing this chapter, and hope you guys love it too xx

Tuesday 7th, January 1986,

623 James Street, Hawkins, Indiana

"Come on son, wake up..." Started a man with blue almond shaped eyes, brown hair styled in a quiff, and looking no younger than his late thirties, gently shook his tired son.

The son, who had yet to fully wake up, tiredly groaned as he rolled over onto his side away from his father's hands. "Don'wanna go t'school" the boy murmured, his face hidden in his pillow.

"Well you have no choice...I didn't move here, bringing you with me, just so you can fun..."

The boy shot up in bed, turning to glare at the man he called father. The one that had made him move to the stupid town of Hawkins. So far, the house, a two-bedroom bungalow, was practically crap compared to the house he had lived in for his entire life up until recently, and the tow...well, it was shit as hell. And was certainly-no matter what his father told him-it was in no way like the place where he had used to live back in...

His blue eyes darkened, annoyed that they had to come here. Remembering clearly who had made them, and why, he glanced angrily up at his father. Snapping, he jumped out of bed-causing his father to have step back a few spaces-now that he was standing up, it made him feel confident, more in control of everything and well, less frightened of his father, even if he was few inches shorter than the man himself.

"No! You just bought me here just so..."

"Quiet!" The dad growled, turning away, he went over to the bedroom window, shutting it closed before turning back to his nervous son, who had found his way back on the bed. "Need I remind you for the fifth time that we have neighbours?"

Instead of shaking his head, the boy sarcastically responded.

"Gee...who would've guessed with all the houses nearby?"

The father sighed, rolling his eyes. He looked over at his son on the bed, who many would say if they saw them together, that he was the spitting image of his father. Considering the fact that, they both had the same hair and eye colour, not to mention the same hair style, along with the same facial shape. Oval.

"Just get up and dressed. Breakfast is ready."

The boy also let out a sigh, then glanced up at his father.

"What...what are we having, si-dad?"

"The same as yesterday. Bacon and eggs with some buttered toast."

Groaning, the boy said, "I don't see why we can't just have..."

"I swear boy, if you finish that sentence, I'll be sure to send you to school, without any breakfast!" The father threatened his teenage son, who flinched at the tone.

"But..."

"No!" The dad closed his eyes, turning away from his son. He silently counted to ten. It would do no good in losing control of his anger and taking it on the boy, no matter if his son was getting on his last nerves. Taking a deep breath, the father turned back round to face his son who still stayed sitting on the bed, back against the wall.

In a calmer voice, the dad, continued speaking, "besides, I would think by now that you would be sick of all those waffles your mother always gave you..."

"Mom didn't al..."

The dad rolled his eyes.

"She did. Now, we've already wasted enough time. Get up and get dressed then come into the kitchen for breakfast." He told his son for the second time, this time his son nodded, sighing and said,

"Yes sir."

The dad gave his son a curt nod, assured that the boy wouldn't protest or ask for any waffles, he turned and headed out of his son's bedroom and heading towards the kitchen where he finished up breakfast, piled bacon and eggs onto two plates, followed by two slices of toast. He then set them down on to the small round kitchen table that was positioned by a small kitchen window on the left side of the room.

Shortly, as he was placing two drinks down on the kitchen table, a mug of steaming coffee to start the day himself, and a glass of water for his son, the boy walked into the small kitchen, stopping in his footsteps as he watched his father seated at the table.

"Come sit down." The father told his son, noticing he was now there. He indicated to the only free dining chair left.

The boy sighed once more, "yes si-dad."

He went to join his father at the table.

Together, both father and son ate their breakfast in silence, both wondering about how the day would go.

Arriving earlier than usual to school, her long red wavy hair flowed in the wintery breeze as she skateboarded through the main gates of Hawkins High, Normally, she would be arriving a little later with two of her friends, Lucas and Dustin, but today, she could not wait at home and she couldn't go to neither of their homes right now for personal reasons.

Lost in her thoughts, she startled, almost falling off of her skateboard when she heard the familiar roaring sound of the chief's squad car driving into the school parking lot.

Glad that she wouldn't have to wait for her friends alone now, she got off her skateboard, picked it up and carried the board under her arm as she ran over towards the police car, just as her friend, El, was climbing out.

"Bye Hop..." El said, once out of the car.

"By El...I'll see you at..."

Too late, El had already closed the passenger car door.

"Hey El." Max greeted, pausing in her footing as El ran over to her.

"Max," El leaned in, hugging her friend, Max returned the hug.

Both girls sporting smiles on their faces as they broke apart, however that was short lived, when El noticed what Max had forgotten to hide earlier that morning.

"Uh...Max, how did..." El pointed at Max's left cheek, frowning.

Shit!

Max's eyes went wide, as she raised a hand to cover the bruise on her cheek. She had forgotten to cover it up with her mom's foundation, in her haste to leave the house before her mom woke and started asking questions that she didn't want to answer... not yet anyway.

"Uh...I...I, bumped into a...uh, lamppost yester...yesterday," she stumbled, telling El.

El narrowed her eyes. "Right, and I'm really Cyndi Lauper." A determined look crossed El's face. "What happened, Max? Who..."

Sick of hearing those same old questions every time she showed up with a bruise or two, Max rolled her blue eyes, and acting as if she didn't hear El and decided to continue walking towards the school building.

El ran after her friend. "Max, Max, wait!" She called,

The red headed girl tilted her head back in defeat as she paused in

her footsteps. Turning, she motioned for her friend to hurry up otherwise, she was leaving. It didn't take long for El to catch up with her, and as soon as she did, Max made to turn back towards the school, however, El, worried about her friend, gently grabbed Max's closest wrist, holding her back from going any further.

Under any other circumstances, she would have just used her powers, but that would be stupid, and she wasn't stupid. Not anymore. Besides, Hopper would kill her, that was if Mike didn't beat him to it first.

"Max, please...this...this isn't the first time you've showed up with bruises...I just want to..."

Shaking her head, Max told El in a tone that meant back off. "No, El...I'm not going to tell you anything... besides...I uh...just fell off my skateboard, that's all..."

Remembering the saying Mike had taught her when they had first met, El decided to say to tell Max.

"Friends...friends don't lie." She confidently stated.

Max shook her head again. Sometimes, she hated her friends, especially on days like this when they bought up that ridiculous saying.

"I know El, but I'm still not going to tell you anything, just because of that saying El... it's my business... besides, you wouldn't..." She paused, she sighed, knowing exactly what she had been about to say and that would have been wrong. El would understand, more than anyone but, that still didn't mean she wanted to tell El or any of their friends about her home life. Lucas only knows a bit, but not the full extent. No one did, not even her dad back in California.

Understanding, El decided for now that she wasn't going to push Max into telling her about how she got the bruise on her face. She sighed, knowing it was the right thing to do, remembering that she still hadn't told all her friends the full length of her past life at the lab. Mike, was the only one who knew, but she hadn't been easy for her to tell him everything nor had it taken a day for her to tell him her

whole past.

"Come on," El said, gently taking Max's hand in hers. "Let's go inside, it's uh... cold out here."

Smiling and knowing what El was doing, Max nodded, wiping away a few tears that were trickling down her face. "Thanks...El" she thanked her friend, "and yeah...it is kinda cold out here." She agreed, and both girls made their way inside the warm building.

"Hey Jonathan," Nancy started, currently sitting in the passenger seat while Jonathan drove them both to school.

Before Nancy could continued, Jonathan frowned, confused.

"Uh...hey Nance...aren't we already uh...passed that part by now?" he asked, never once taking his eyes off of the road.

Hearing Jonathan's confusion, Nancy glanced at him, also with confusion.

From the corner of his eye, Jonathan noticed Nancy's confused facial expression, so he decided to elaborate.

"I uh meant the whole uh...greeting each other thing...I uh...thought we..."

Oh. Realisation dawned on Nancy's face. She nodded her head.

"We did...I uh...I'm just nervous right now...I..."

This caused Jonathan to glance over at her. "Nervous? In what way?" he kept glancing back and forth from the road and to Nancy,

Nancy shook her head.

"I'm fine Jon...seriously...it's just that I uh...wanted to ask you something,"

"Ask me what?" Jonathan frowned, glancing over at her once more.

"Just focus on the road...." Nancy said, shrugging, "and I'm not sure h-how you're going to respond"

Coming to a red light, Jonathan braked, then turned to look at Nancy with a curious yet serious expression. He asked her again.

"What did you want to ask me?"

Looking up at Jonathan, Nancy shrugged her shoulders.

"Wha-wha...green" she told him, when the lights turned green.

Jonathan took his concentration off of her for a few moments until they came to another red traffic light. He broke again. Turning to face Nancy once more.

Seeing the look on her boyfriend's face, Nancy sighed, deciding she might as well get it out of the way now.

"Are you...free this Saturday evening?"

Jonathan furrowed his eyebrows in thought as he glanced at the traffic lights. Still red. He shook his head, knowing that he wasn't doing anything Saturday night.

"Uh, I..."

A car horn sounded from behind them, startling the two of them both enough for the two teens to turn their heads to look at the car behind them.

Both frowned as they turned their heads back to the front...oh.

Jonathan cursed, as he drove ahead, turning right at the crossroad, taking the road that would lead them towards the school.

When he was back to driving smoothly along a straight road, Jonathan glanced over at Nancy, deciding that he should probably finish his response. He was both curious and nervous about why she asked that question.

"I uh...I'm working Saturday morning, but I finish in the uh late

afternoon...which I have nothing to do then, why?"

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, nothing...did you uh...want to come over, Saturday evening?"

A thoughtful look appeared on Jonathan's face as he concentrated on the road again. He shortly nodded.

"Yeah, uh...okay. What time?"

It was Nancy's turn to have a thoughtful look on her face.

"Is...six-thirty, alright?"

Jonathan nodded. "Yeah...yeah, that should be uh...fine."

"Okay, cool." Nancy smiled, glancing up at Jonathan. Her plan was working so far. Now she needed to work on the other part of the plan and hope it doesn't fail.

"Cool" Jonathan said back, smiling nervously, while wondering what in the nine hells his girlfriend wanted to do that day.

Beep

Beep

The beeping alarm clock in an upstairs bedroom, woke the sleeping teenager up from his slumber.

Squinting as he opened his eyes, the teen sat up, stretching his arms, before...

What the hell? He thought, frowning in confusion, an arm frozen in mid-air, while the other arm froze above his head. I don't have a...

Shit!

His heart started beating faster than normal, as he nervously glanced over at the sleeping figure beside him. At least we didn't...

Glancing down at himself, the teen had to be sure...

"Double shit!" loudly cursed, fear building up in his chest. This is not good, not good at...

"Mornin'...Steve!" the girl sat up so quickly that, Steve was sure she'd hurt herself. "What the hell?" she cursed, pulling the duvet up to her chest, when she knew that she wasn't fully covered.

"I uh...I can uh...explain..." he said, though he really can't.

"Then do so before I call the cops on you for breaki..."

Steve, frowning, interrupted his friend. "Whoa, whoa, whoa...hang on babe! Were you just about to..." Steve's heart stopped when he realised what he had just called his friend...

Shit, where's a demogorgon when you need one? He thought, wishing he were fighting one of those things instead. At least he knew that he had a better chance of surviving.

"Babe! Did you just...you have no right, no right at all to call me that!" she yelled at him, moving further away from the guy she thought she could trust.

Steve sat there, fearing for his life. I'd much prefer facing Hargrove right now. At least he'd skip the yelling and just beat the shit outta me.

"...after you break into my house and..."

Shocked that she'd ever think that low of him, Steve jumped out of bed, grabbing his nightgown in the process and wrapping the warm wool around him, so at least one of them was covered.

He then turned to face his so-called friend who had the audacity to sit there on his bed and accuse him of breaking into her house and accusing him of something he'd never do.

"I don't know how we ended up in bed last night together, Elizabeth, but I do know for a fact that this is my house, not your aunt's and uncle's house...and,"

He saw the realisation dawning on her face.

"Steve...I"

Turning away, he shook his head.

"No! We can talk later Elizabeth." He told her harshly, "But right now, I need to get ready for work." He gathered the clothes he would need for work from his closet before exiting his room and heading to the bathroom, leaving behind someone he had considered a friend.

That was before she accused me of...he swallowed thickly as he stood there under the warm showering water, hurt by the accusation she had clearly voiced out to him. No matter what she said when they next talk to each other, Steve knew for sure that he wouldn't want anything to do with her, not after she had accused him of breaking into her house and sleeping with her.

He closed his eyes as he let the water rain down on him, while he tried to recall the events of last night. All he could remember was that they were talking after she had told him about Hargrove, then...

Oh shit, dad's going to kill me!

Don't worry guys, I'll be sure to do more scenes with Max and El as friend.

What do you think is going to happen between Steve and Lizzie?

I have a few ideas of what I want to do with Steve, which you'll see and hopefully like as the story continues.

See you next chapter guys and don't forget to review xxx

6. Chapter 6

Hey guys, thanks for all the lovely reviews.

I've been suffering from writers block, but that's all fine now...I think.

Anyway, hope you guys enjoy this chapter just as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Driving around the town, checking to see if everything was fine, while on his way to meet a neighbor of Mr Brown's who lives just a few houses down on Old Pinewood Crescent, another report, on the missing kid, in the same area in two days, Hopper let out a sigh, as he came to a stop at a red light.

He glanced out of his window, swearing to God if he got one more call from someone living on Old Pinewood Crescent he...

Is that? He narrowed his eyes. Bloody hell, kid just doesn't listen!

Hopper, as soon as the light turned green, looked for a spot to park in. When he found one, he lazily parked just off of the road. Before climbing out of the car, Hopper glanced over at the disobedient kid again, making sure he hadn't lost the boy.

He wasn't going to let the kid try to mess up his town again.

Well that's good...at least he's still there. The chief thought, radioing Flo to send a message to Ms. Wilson, telling her that he was going to be a tad late. Once Flo got back to him, saying that Ms Wilson said that it was fine as she currently has nothing to do, Hopper, after thanking his secretary, he turned the engine off, then climbed out of the car.

Instead of being too obvious, Hopper decided to just take a stroll around the area, at least in that way, it wouldn't look as if he was watching the boy, even though that's exactly why he had stopped the car.

Kid just can't stay in school, can he? Hopper thought. Well at least he's talking to someone and not redecorating the town or getting into fights again. He decided that as soon as the kid stops talking to whoever he's talking with, he's going to go straight over there and drag the boy back to the school...

"Kicking and screaming if I have to." He told himself, as he took out a cigarette. Knowing he shouldn't when he's on patrol, and that if Flo or even El found out about this, he'd be in deep shit. Heck, even his fiancée of almost three days would kill him if she knew that he was lighting cigarette and placing the other end in his mouth...

Shit!

Hopper's eyes went wide, just realising the area he was in. He looked across the road at the restaurant he was opposite...two stores down, was in fact, Melvards, Joyce's workplace, where she should be right this very minute.

Shit!

I'm a dead man if she looks outside.

While the chief of police was currently putting out the cigarette and getting rid of it.

Across the street, outside Harrington, Billy stood in the middle of a heated conversation with his girlfriend who had just accused him of cheating...he did no such thing, and when was this?

Voicing this out, he asked her when this was. She told him.

"Sunday evening Billy...across the road." Lizzie pointed at the exact location Billy had been Sunday evening when he had just arrived to pick her up from her ending shift. She shook her head as she looked back up at him. He currently stood 5ft9, while Lizzie was at least two inches shorter than he was. Don't try to deny it Billy, I...I know it was dark, but I, I saw you locking lips with another woman..."

Billy shook his head, usually he wouldn't interrupt Liz...he loved her, but this...he couldn't let her think like that even though that's what it

had looked like, he had in no way not been locking lips with another woman. Before, yes, yes he could do exactly that, but this time, with Liz, it was as if he was a completely changed man.

"look Liz, I..." he paused, unsure of how to get her to see the truth. Hesitating, he gently took both her hands in his, gently pulling her closer to him. "I, swear on my-my mother's grave, Liz, that I did not kiss that woman...she...she kissed me," he truthfully told her

Liz narrowed her eyes up at him, refusing to instantly melt at his soft, gentle tone, that he only reserved for her.

Though they've been together for a few months now, she felt like she knew Billy inside and out now, and it came in handy in situations like this.

She let a small smile appear on her face, when she noticed he wasn't lying to her.

"So..." she raised an eyebrow, "if you honestly didn't kiss her, and this woman really kissed you...who-" she swallowed thickly, afraid to know the answer.

Pushing that fear back down, she finished her question.

"Who was she? And why-why was she kissing you?"

Billy took a deep breath, he tilted his head back in def...

Holy shit! Can't a guy get a minute's piece in this town without some cop always coming to arrest him. I haven't even done anything yet apart from flunking school.

"She's...Karen Wheeler. We were, together before you came...it wasn't anything serious...and the minute, Liz! The minute we started dating, I ended it with her, telling her that I-I like someone else...let's just say she didn't take me seriously, considering she kissed me Sunday evening...but I uh, I tried to push her off of me, but" Billy confessed, looking at Liz, honesty clear in his eyes.

Hearing this, and knowing it was the truth, Liz felt like she was going to vomit. I've just...shit! She pulled him into a quick embrace, before

pulling out saying that she has to go back inside the restaurant and that she'll see him later. When she was finished for the day.

"Okay, I'll see you this...evening. yeah? If we're still on for our movie night?"

Lucy just nodded vigorously. The sick feeling, not yet going away.

In fact, it was worse.

"Yeah, okay, I'll uh...see you tonight" she said, about to turn away and head back into the restaurant. She didn't get any further though, as she was gently tugged back to her boyfriend like a magnet.

Their lips touched, as he pressed his lips gently to hers.

Minutes later, the two teens pulled apart, bidding each other goodbye, they went their separate ways...well, Lizzie did, while Billy stood there for a moment.

He sighed when he heard the chief's familiar footsteps coming from behind. Turning he raised both eyebrows, raising both arms up in mid-air, annoyed.

"I didn't even do anything this time. Pretty sure Jim, that no one called,"

The chief frowned.

"I know that, and actually, you are currently doing something right now..."

"Oh yeah and what's..."

"Just get in the car kid, I'll take you to school. Somewhere, you'd ought to be right now. Wouldn't you agree?"

Billy shook his head.

"I'm not leaving my car here...I'll drive myself chief... I'm seventeen, nearly eighteen, not five."

"Yeah, and as I've said before I don't care how old you are son. Just get in your car and I'll drive behind, making sure you get where you need to be!" The chief told him.

Sighing, Billy responded.

"Alright, alright, I'm going...and Jimmy, I know you care about me and all, but I'm not going to do any-"

The chief snorted.

"I don't care about you. What a ridiculous thing to think. Just get in the damn car, kid, I don't have all day."

Billy rolled his eyes.

"You know chief, you really need to chill out a bit more." He told the policeman, as he made his way to his car, parked just outside the restaurant.

"Just stay in school next time kid" The chief said, making his way to his own car.

Billy sighed as he glanced in the rear-view mirror, going in the direction that he knew would lead him to school. The chief, true to his words, tailed behind him.

Driving in his car, Billy, not knowing why, felt some oddly comfort in seeing the chief sticking to his words and making sure he gets to school.

The school bell rang for third period, meaning the fifteen-minute break they had in between periods two & three, was now over.

El sighed, not wanting to go to her next class. Not knowing why, she just wanted to be with Mike or at least one of her friends, she couldn't as they all had Maths together.

Mike, Dustin and Lucas were all together, while Will and Max had Maths together, and El...well, she was alone and this was her first Maths lesson with a bunch of students and a teacher she did not

know.

"Hey," Mike said, noticing her biting her bottom lip. He gently took her hands in his as they stood in the cafeteria, ignoring the fact that it was time to go to class, and the fact that everyone was leaving to go to their designated classrooms... even, the rest of the A.V club party were going, leaving them behind. "It...you'll be fine El, promise...'sides we'll see each other next period in English" Mike reassuringly told her as he held her in a warm Embrace.

El couldn't help but feel comforted by both his touch and his words.

"Anyway, knowing you El..." Mike continued as they both pulled out, turning, they made their way towards the cafeteria doors. "you'll probably make a new friend... if you do, they can certainly join the party."

El couldn't help but smile at that. She hoped Mike right about that. That's been something she's wanted to do. So far, she hasn't made any new friends, but with the help of her friends and family, she knew that it was normal and that she shouldn't worry as it was only the second day of school.

Arriving at her classroom, thanks to Mike and her friends, who had walked her there, El paused in the entrance of the classroom, fear in her eyes when she saw how many classmates she currently had, the ones that were in the room already or just walking passed her to get into the room.

El scanned the room, looking for a desk to sit at.

Finding one, at the back right of the room, by an open window, El was about to go sit down when she heard an unfamiliar voice talking to her.

"Hey, I'm Abigail...you're Eloise, the new girl, right?"

El turned her head to look at the person currently talking to her.

Assessing the girl, which only took a few moments, El decided that the girl seemed nice enough,

Plus, she has great taste in clothes from what El could see. Maybe I can get some styling tips from her.

She nodded her head, letting a small smile grace her face.

"Yeah, I'm...I'm Eloise" she responded back,

"Cool...I mean, I've been meaning to talk to you...nothing personal or anything... just wanted to say hi, and welcome you...I remember starting here back in September and I've been living here since I was born...and, anyway, where about are you from?"

El thought back to when they had prepared for these types of questions.

"New York." She said, thinking back to what Hopper had told her about that place, so she knew what to say in these types of situations.

"Really?" El nodded, a little unsure what this girl was going to say next. She really wished Mike was here, or Max or well, anyone from their group. "No way, I've always wanted to visit there. What's it like?"

"It's uh... big, and there's a really nice park there...central park," El told her. Smiling, glad that she remembered exactly what Hopper had told her to say.

"Wow, is it...anything like in the movies? Or..."

El nodded, "Yeah, it's really pretty when it snows." She said, remembering the old pictures Hopper had shown her.

"wow, now I really need to visit there. So uh...how come, you came here to boring old Hawkins?" Abigail asked,

"My uh...mama got sick so she wasn't able to take care of me any longer...so I came here to live with Hopper, my uh...dad"

Abigail looked at her with sympathy. Though both her parents were fine, she couldn't imagine what she'd do without either of them.

"Oh, uh...sorry...well, I uh, hope your mom gets better," she earnestly

said, there was a moment or two of silence. "I really like what you did to your hair." She complimented El, reaching out to touch it.

El flinched back, still not used to people that she didn't know unexpectedly touching her. The only people that currently were allowed to touch her like that, are her boyfriend Mike, their friends, her dad (Hopper), Joyce, Nancy, Steve and Jonathan.

"Oh...sorry, didn't mean to...you can call me Abby, most of my friends do,"

"Abby," El tried the name out as she assessed the girl again.

The girl who was now standing opposite her, had her dirty blonde hair styled up in a messy pony tail, she had blue eyes, and soft pink lipstick on.

Her outfit, El really liked, and wondered if she could get any ideas from it for later when she and Joyce go shopping.

Abby stood at least a couple of inches taller than El, at least Mike's height. She wore stone washed denim jeans, paired with a plain white t-shirt, and a matching stone washed denim jacket, along with a pair of black all-star high-top converse shoes.

"Yeah...uh...well done. Um...just as long as I get to call you Ellie, though?"

El furrowed her eyebrows once more, this time in confusion.

"Ellie?"

Abby nodded, "yeah, it can uh...be your nickname I guess."

El thought about it some more, before nodding.

"Yeah, okay, Abby...and I really like your jacket,"

"Abby!" an unfamiliar voice cut in, interrupting El from talking to her new friend. "Who the hell is this?"

El nervously turned to look at the girl that had interrupted her.

"Hey Stace, finally...this is, Eloise, Ellie for short. She's..."

Stacie, who El had so much about from Mike and everyone all throughout last year ever since she had made Dustin cry at the Snow Ball, El gathered this was her.

An awful churning feeling in her stomach made her want to vomit, luckily she didn't.

"Yeah, and I care because?" Stacie interrupted Abby. Already assessing El up and down. She glared back at Abby, who told her that she's new here, this caused Stacie to scoff. "She's nothing but a loser, Abby..."

El frowned, confused, wondering what the hell a loser is. Though she didn't know, she guessed that it was an insult, similar to mouth breather.

"She's not Stace, she's just..."

"She is. Plus, she hangs around with those five nerds..."

"But,"

Stacie shook her head. Ignoring her friend's protest, she turned to glare her cold blue eyes on El. "Scram!" she harshly told her, causing El to flinch and to take a step back.

El looked between both girls, as Abby was about to protest again, and El, was sorely tempted to use her powers on the girl, but she wouldn't... not if she didn't want to have to go back to square one again. Besides, the class teacher, Mr Troubles, interrupted the chatting students, telling everyone to take a seat already.

"Come on Abby," Stacie told her friend, a little too bossy for El's liking.

El was about to go make her way over to the desk she had seen when she had first enter the room, however, Abby interrupted her again.

"Hey, uh...don't uh...worry about Stacie...you're not a uh, loser and..."

"Abby!" Stacie yelled, calling her friend over to her as if she was a dog, that had tried to run off, startling both El and Abby.

"Miss Smith, please refrain from yelling like that in my classroom." Mr Troubles told her, before turning back to the black board and writing out maths equations.

Both Abby and El went their separate ways. El sat at the desk, the one she had spotted earlier on.

As she unpacked her stuff for maths, a tall boy entered the classroom. El startled when she noticed his eyes. They looked strangely familiar to her, even though she knew that she had never seen the guy before.

"Hey, I'm Chris" the guy interrupted El's thoughts, she looked up at the guy, who she gathered must be at least three inches taller than, Mike, even though he was currently sitting down in the desk beside her.

Chris? Where have I...

"you're uh...new to Hawkins, too?" she asked him, while searching her bag for a pen.

The boy nodded beside her.

"Yeah, and I take it, you must be, Eloise, right?"

El nodded, "Yeah, I am."

"Cool...so uh..." Chris paused, a small smile that would cause many girls to faint, appeared on his face, "do you mind if I call you El?"

Smiling back, remembering when Mike had first called her El, she nodded. This technically wasn't breaking Hopper's rules. Was it?

Footsteps made a rhythmic tapping sound against the tiled floor as the owner of the footsteps walked along a long brightly lit corridor, with yellow painted walls and grey colored tiles.

"Good morning Dr Brenner" one of the guards-who was guarding the

room behind the doors- greeted,

Dr Brenner nodded to the guard in response. "Morning." He said back as the two guards on duty opened the doors.

Brenner walked through the doors, entering a room where his hard-working scientists were.

Seeing him enter, they all greeted him in unison.

One scientist, Brenner's head scientist, called, Dr Walden, a middle aged man, a few years away from being considered a senior, with greying blonde hair and deep blue eyes, standing at least 5ft8 tall, walked over to Brenner, a clipboard with information neatly clipped to the board, held under his arm.

"How's..."

"Hopefully well." Dr Brenner interrupted, already knowing what the scientist was going to ask. "What's the progress so far Walden?"

Dr Walden handed Brenner the clipboard with the progress on the gate so far.

With his cold, mysterious blue eyes, Brenner, thoroughly read the progress his scientists have so far come up with, Brenner, frowned in thought as he looked back up at his head scientist.

"You're positive this cannot be done without..."

Walden, nodded. "Positive. One of the reasons why this plan of yours cannot fail for any reason at all, Dr,"

Brenner shook his head, his neatly, jelled and combed back brown hair staying in place, handed the clipboard back to the scientist.

"Don't worry about that Walden. I am a hundred percent sure that everything will go accordingly to this plan of mine, we just need to pace ourselves. Also, I believe we need to work on getting the room ready for..."

"For the experiment? It's ready for her arrival, sir,"

Glee shining brightly in his eyes at hearing that, Brenner looked at Dr Walden. "You're certain?" Walden nodded, "then show me."

That's all for now guys. Hope you enjoyed the little surprise at the end.

I've nearly finished writing the next chapter, so depending on how I am with it, I'll hopefully have it uploaded maybe the end of next week.

Just have to hope that I don't get another bad case of writer's block XD

Don't forget to review guys xxx